

My
Young
Man

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LOUIS
ALBERT ✱
BANKS ✱ ✱

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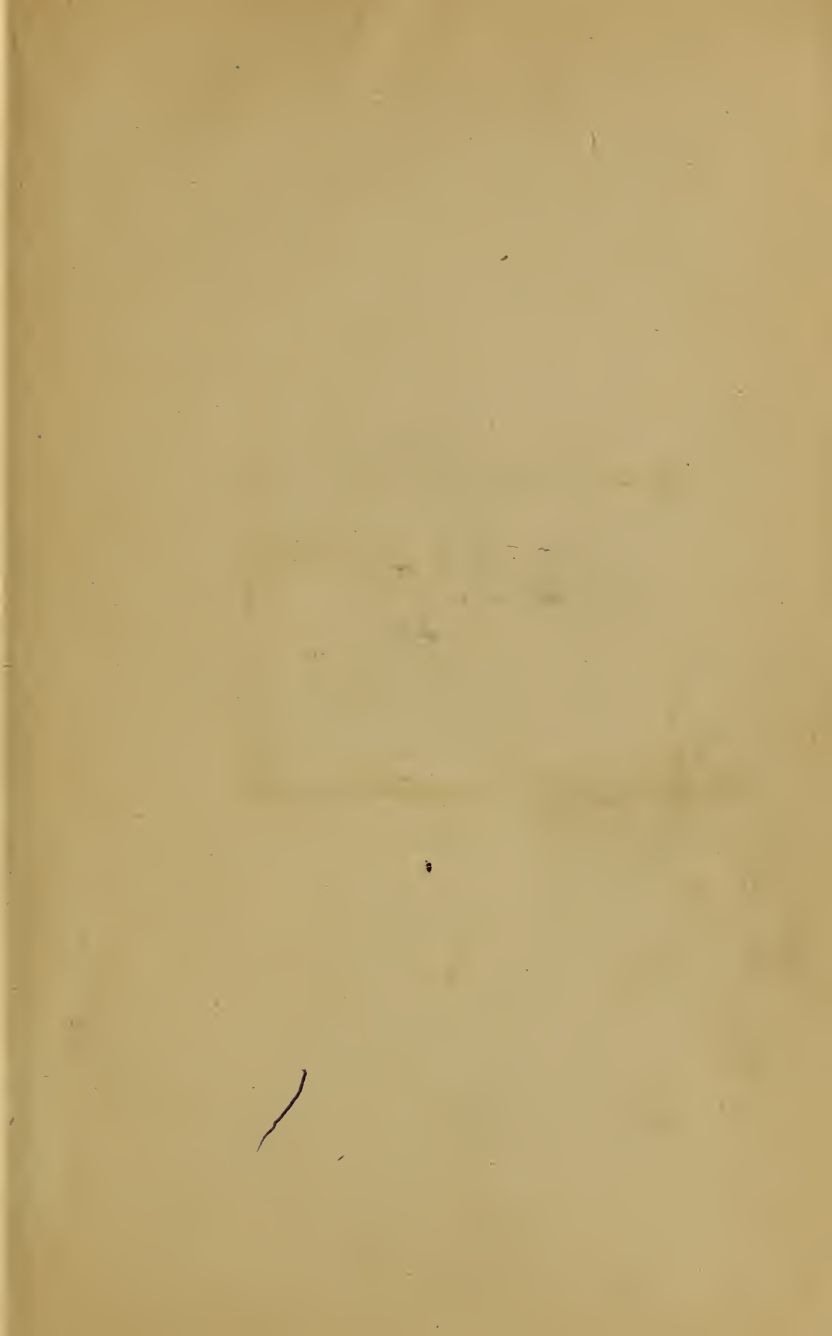


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MY YOUNG MAN

BY

✓
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OF CAMP AND FIELD," "HERO TALES FROM
SACRED STORY," ETC., ETC.

A Series of Addresses to Young Men

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MY YOUNG MAN

I

MY YOUNG MAN AS A SON

HOME is the sweetest word in any language. Next to it in tenderness and love is the word MOTHER, while overshadowing them both in splendid majesty is the title of FATHER. These three words are three strokes of the brush by which the artist is able to place on the canvas a picture that arouses the heart of every true young man. John Howard Payne, the wanderer, has become the poet of humanity, because he voiced the universal conception of the human heart in his "Home, Sweet Home":

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than
all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!"

Happy is the young man who appreciates his sacred obligations while he is yet a member of the home circle, and is able by words and deeds to voice his appreciation to those who are most interested in him.

It would be a good thing if every young man could see himself, sometimes, through his father's eyes, and could realize the tender pride which in every true father's heart is connected with his son. For every noble father has a longing that his son shall be a larger, and in every way better, edition of himself. The father looks back over

his own mistakes and blunders, and longs and prays that his son may somehow escape these pitfalls, and win victories on battlefields where he himself has been defeated.

Nothing is more splendid than to see a young man, strong and vigorous and successful, who remembers with a manly thanksgiving the father who watched about his years of weakness, and whose arms protected his youth. I have a friend who has been very successful in life, and to whom have come high honors, but he never seems so grand to me as when I see him with his father. The father is old and bent and poor, and the son is strong and handsome as a Greek god; but the tenderness, the spirit of comradeship, the delicate deference and reverence by which he manages to save his father from all sense of lack or need, and to draw him into joyous fellowship with himself in his own strong and successful life, is something which makes the appreciative onlooker think better of mankind.

There is a beautiful illustration of this noble treatment of a father by his son in the story of Joseph. Joseph was a son of a shepherd, and his father and brothers were all rude sheep herders and cattle men, and were not accustomed to the ways of the city, and certainly not to the

fashions and etiquette of a court like that of Pharaoh, the proud ruler of Egypt. Joseph had been separated from his father for twenty years, and in the meantime had risen to great power and wealth. He was the acting governor of the greatest nation in the world. He had the ear and the heart of the monarch, and was flattered and respected by everybody. But there was something so truly genuine and noble about Joseph that it saved him from being spoiled. How sweet is the picture given in the story—of the old shepherd coming down into Egypt, and Joseph going out to meet him. The record says: “And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive. And Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father’s house, I will go up, and shew Pharaoh, and say unto him, my brethren, and my father’s house, which were in the land of Canaan, are come unto me; and the men are shepherds, for their trade hath been to feed cattle; and they have brought their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have.”

Surely, nothing could be finer than that ! He did not presume on his dignity and remain on his lofty judgment seat, as the acting ruler of the nation, and wait for his old father to come in to see him and be awed by his great state. Instead of that he goes out to meet him as any decent, manly young man would go to the station in Cleveland to meet his father. He had a great deal of business on hand, but he could not miss the happiness of going out to meet his old father before he reached the city. As Dr. Joseph Parker says, it does not matter how pressing our duties are, we can add a little pathos to them if we like; whatever we be in life, we can add a little sentiment to our life. And what is life without sentiment? What are the flowers without a little occasional sprinkling of dew? It may be a great thing to sit on a high stool and wait till the old man comes upstairs. But it is an infinitely grander thing, a far more splendid and beautiful thing, to get off the stool and drive a few miles out into the country and meet him on the road. Home will be a much happier home—I don't care whether it is a mansion or a tenement—if you have a little sentiment, a little tenderness and gracious feeling. These are the things that sweeten the bitter drafts of life.

I have introduced the father first because of that natural timidity and unwisdom which makes a man put off the harder task until the last. I am always abashed and at a loss when I undertake to speak to a young man about his mother. I am not embarrassed for lack of something to say, but because of the wealth of resources. In the very nature of things, no one else can ever stand to a young man in a relation at once so tender and so unselfish. Every man born and reared in a wholesome home atmosphere knows that there is one bosom that will be faithful to him through time and eternity. Many of your hearts respond to Kipling's unique but vital tribute to motherhood :—

“If I were hung on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still,
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine !

“If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine !

“If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine !”

No young man can ever have a better confidant and friend than a true mother, and no recommendation is so conclusive as the fact that he has been loyal and faithful to her. I think nothing was said among the universal tributes of praise and admiration to Lieutenant Hobson over the sinking of the *Merrimac* which was so fine as his mother's letter about him. Writing to a friend in New York city she said: "Your letter of congratulation reached me a few days ago. I fully appreciate and agree with you in your enthusiastic tribute to my boy's heroism. In accomplishing his daring achievement, I realize he was guided and protected by our kind Heavenly Father. The appreciation of the country, his State, and native town, is most gratifying to us all. It is but natural that my mother-pride should be pleased at the recognition of my boy by the nation and its rulers. Such recognition is very happy, but it has told us nothing new of his grand worth. A nobler son no mother ever had. He has been a mighty tower of strength to me for years. Never forgetting the many demands of a large household, it has always been his pleasure to share his salary with us. In every way he has been a help and a comfort. The three years he was studying abroad there

never failed to come from him the most loving letters, and his resources were ever at our command. The gentlest, noblest nature, with every attraction of person and character, he claims the admiration of every one who knows him. To us, nearest and dearest to him, it took no Santiago to proclaim him a hero; he has been to us so long the truest hero, a noble son and idolized brother. The plaudits of the world are his; and while history will record the daring deed of his heroism, the gentler, sweeter, nobler beauty of his nature can be known only to those to whom he is 'first best.' '' Who, with the spirit of a man in him, would not prize the honest tribute of a mother like that far beyond all the applause of newspapers or governments, and esteem it a reward more splendid than any promotion that could come to him?

Many of the noblest men that have ever lived have owed their triumphant lives to their adherence to the counsels of a mother unknown to fame. While whisky-drinking was the fashion all about him, Abraham Lincoln never forgot his dead mother's request—to close his lips against intoxicants. Once when he was a member of Congress, a friend criticized him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines pro-

vided by their host, urging as reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider the promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers, and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln.

If all the young men who hear me will hold as sacredly to promises made to their mothers, something of Lincoln's rugged genuineness of character will be developed in their lives.

One of New York's greatest merchants came to that city as a country boy seeking work. He went from one place to another, meeting only discouragement. Finally, footsore and disheartened, he stood in another counting-room, only to be told rather gruffly that he was not wanted.

"But," he said, "I have the best of references," and as he began turning over his valise to find a letter of recommendation, a book rolled out on the floor.

"What book is that?" sharply asked the merchant.

"It is the Bible," was the answer returned.

"And what are you going to do with that book in New York?"

The clear-eyed young man looked frankly into the face of the merchant and said: "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall always do so."

The merchant, who had refused him, changed his mind, and gave him a place on that recommendation; and he became one of the great merchant princes of New York.

No recommendation can be better than love for mother, coupled with a devotion to mother's Bible. That old poem written by George P. Morris with his mother's Bible before him never loses its power to touch the heart's most sacred fountain:—

"This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

" Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Tho they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

" Thou truest friend man ever had,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

II

MY YOUNG MAN AS A BROTHER

IF we were to judge from the illustrations given us in Bible history, we would certainly be forced to the conclusion that it is not an easy thing to be a good brother. It is much easier to find ideal fathers and mothers, whose majesty and graciousness and self-sacrificing love inspire our admiration, than it is to find a brother whose career gives us pleasure to contemplate.

The first young man in the world slew his own brother, and for a reason which suggests a temptation that must often be present in many families: his brother's life came into competition and comparison with his own. This aroused Cain's jealousy and envy, and ended in bitterness of thought, and finally a murderous deed.

In the story of Jacob and Esau you have again sorrow and trouble coming from the competition of two young lives for the same family inheritance. Jacob cheats his brother, and is, through his brother's wrath, driven into a long exile, and the family is broken up in shame and unhappiness.

Joseph's brothers, through this same envy, aroused by the promise of a brilliant personality that threatened to eclipse the rest of the family, were led to sell him away into bondage. Joseph himself redeems the name of brother by his generosity and kindness twenty years later, when his brethren are in his power, and he, having a chance to wreak vengeance on them, not only refuses to do so, but graciously forgives them and bestows on them the generous kindness of a noble brotherhood.

The story of Moses in relation to his brother Aaron and his elder sister Miriam, is, on the whole, both an interesting and a helpful picture of brotherhood. Our first picture of Miriam as a little girl watching over Moses as a babe in the ark of bulrushes by the side of the Nile, and contriving, with a bright girl's ingenuity coupled with a sister's love, to secure the employment of their own mother as nurse for her brother, is full of charm. Moses seems to have been a true brother in return.

In these distinguished cases we have illustrations enough to show that it is no small commendation of a man when you say that he is a good brother. The temptations to envy and jealousy in this relation are great, and the requirement is

for large sympathy and self-denying love. But a true brotherhood, if difficult, is one of the purest and noblest relations in the world.

I will speak of two or three characteristics which are necessary to adorn and beautify a brother. The first is courtesy. A famous French essayist declares that courtesy is "the flower of life." There is no more appropriate place for the sweet courtesies of life than in the home, between parents and children, brothers and sisters. Many people are inclined to put the question of courtesy and politeness aside with a shrug of the shoulders, as if we had so many more important things on our hands that we have no time or thought to spend upon the little things. But it has been well said that character making is in some respects like money making—if you take care of the cents, the dollars will look after themselves. So, if you will take care of the minor moralities, the major moralities will, if not look after themselves, flourish all the more vigorously because of the care devoted to their smaller brethren. I think if you will study the life of Jesus Christ, you can not help but notice how constantly He carried the blossom and fragrance of this flower of kindly courtesy into His conversation and deeds. His keenest critic can not

point out one flaw in the gentle courtesy of His life. So marked was this characteristic in the one perfect manly life that has been lived among us, that an old English poet called our Lord "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." If we are to act the part of true brotherhood in our family circle, we must have the kindly gracious spirit of Him of whom it was written, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." Tennyson wrote truly when he said:—

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature, and of loyal mind."

Oftentimes the love which exists between brothers and sisters as children dies out as they grow older for the lack of the refreshing nourishment which can only come from genuinely courteous treatment. Courtesy can exist without love, as Dr. Robert Horton has said, but love without courtesy becomes quickly bedraggled and haggard. For the maintenance of love few motives would be more favorable than this, that home is a good practising ground for habitual courtesy, neglecting which we shall make a poor show on field days. Pity that brotherly love should pine

for want of so small a thing! Surely it is good enough to merit some diligent cultivation in addition to the negative protection of politeness. If brothers in relation to each other, or to their sisters, allow themselves to get out of the habit of courteous and loving ways, it is very hard to take it up again. It is an art that dies with disuse, and once discontinued, it is taken up again with stiff and awkward fingers. In the torn garment of the home life, hard hearts and unloving natures tear rent after rent until it is all in tatters; but love never lets the rents grow large; its busy needle patches them up, and by an act it must have learned in heaven, scatters the loveliest sprays of embroidery and silver work about the darn, so that what threatened destruction has proved to be a strength and beauty, and the garment has become a symbol of love's power, instead of the jagged rags which witnessed to love's defects.

Helpfulness is a characteristic of the noble type of brother. A beautiful incident is related of the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz. It was when he was a young man, living at home on the border of a lake in Switzerland. His father was on the other side of the lake. He had a little brother, and the two boys thought they

would like to join their father. The lake was covered with ice, and they were to walk across. The mother stood at the window watching them—
anxious, as mothers are—seeing them getting along very well, till at length they came to a crack in the ice, a foot or more wide. Her heart failed her. She thought: “That little fellow will try to step over; Louis will get over well enough, but the little fellow will fall in.” She could not call to them, they were too far away. What could she do? She watched them, and, as she watched, Louis got down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack, his hands on the other, just like a bridge, and his little brother crept over him to the other side. Then Louis got up, and they went on their way to their father.

That little picture of a young man lying across the crack in the ice that his younger brother may climb over him to safety, is suggestive of what a brother in the family circle often has the privilege of doing for his brothers and sisters. And it is always a noble thing to do. I have in my mind at this moment a strong, splendid man, who has come to high success and honor before the world, who did just that thing for a large family of brothers and sisters. Just as he was getting into his profession his father died, and left his

mother, a noble, gracious woman, with a large family to care for. They were very poor, and if left to themselves, or to the mother's strength or resources, none of them would have been able to secure a good education. But this noble young fellow deliberately put himself down over the crack between their helplessness and a college education. For fifteen years he worked almost night and day, denying himself a hundred luxuries which otherwise he could easily have had. One after another he sent his brothers and sisters through college, until the entire family were splendidly educated and given a fair start in life. The result of his heroic self-sacrifice has surely justified him. Two of his brothers are noble preachers of the Gospel, one of them is a distinguished artist, and all the family are cultivated and influential people, whose mark upon the world will ever be for good. He carried all this burden with a shining face, and many people who wondered why he was always so economical and saving, never knew that over his broad shoulders his helpless brothers and sisters were climbing into usefulness and fame. That is my idea of the noblest and holiest type of brotherhood. If any young man who hears me has an opportunity to be that kind of a brother, I am

sure he will never regret following so noble an example.

I think there is often a great loss of human happiness in the failure to express the love and affection which brothers and sisters feel for each other. There is frequently a kind of stoicism which grows up in family life, and which is unworthy of the gentleness and sympathy that should exist in Christian homes.

There came into a Brooklyn hospital, about the close of the Spanish war, a young woman who was in great mental distress. She told the hospital authorities that she was looking for her brother, who was a sick soldier, and of whom all trace had been lost. The brother had gone to Santiago, had become sick there, and had been taken to Montauk Point. From there he had been sent to a hospital in New York or Brooklyn, but no one could tell where. The young woman and her mother had come from the far West in search of the soldier boy. They had spent several days at Camp Wikoff, and found finally that he had been sent to a hospital in Brooklyn. They had been searching for still other days in vain, and the mother had become so exhausted and unnerved that the daughter continued the work alone. When she came into the hospital

she said that she feared her brother was too ill to give his name, or that he had been entered on the books under a wrong name. She scanned the death list closely, after a struggle with her courage, but did not find her brother's name. Then, under proper guidance, she started through the wards, peering into the face of every man. She went through them all, and in an effort to control her disappointment and overcome her complete despondency she stepped to a window overlooking a yard where a dozen convalescent soldiers were sitting, taking the air.

"Perhaps he is among them," said her guide.

The young woman shook her head and stood watching the soldiers, at the same time trying to keep back the tears. Suddenly she gave a scream.

"There's Tom, now!" she cried. "How can I get to him? Let me go to him at once!"

There were no stairs in sight, and in her excitement she began to climb out of the window. She was seized and taken to a doorway, whence she dashed out to the group, calling her brother's name again and again. They were in each other's arms in a moment, and the soldiers joined in the tears that were shed—all except one.

After the young woman had taken her brother

off, this one growled out: "I don't see why all you fellows had to cry because that girl found her brother. What did you want to blubber for?"

"Haven't you got a mother or a sister?" asked one of the group.

The man bit his lip and fairly shouted: "Naw!"

The other soldiers turned their backs on him for the rest of the day.

He felt it, however, and the next morning he said: "Say, fellows, of course I have a mother and a sister. I didn't mean anything. I didn't want to give way, that was all. It doesn't do a man any good. I was just trying to be a soldier, that's all, and I"—

Then that man broke down and sobbed, and soldierly stoicism went to the winds.

There is a good deal of that kind of stoicism which robs the lives of many brothers and sisters of a great deal of the joy and sweetness of our human living. It is a thousand times better to keep the heart fresh and sweet by the expression of the kindly and loving feeling which is in our thoughts.

Brothers, let us make much of the sweet fellowship of home life which God has given us. The time spent in writing letters, and in keeping

alive the family bond of brotherhood, is time well invested. Tho we may not be able to see each other often, we shall be the nobler, and life will be the sweeter and richer, by keeping ever in mind the loving bond which unites us by ties of blood and fellowship with those who knelt at the same mother's knee with us. If we do this, Charles Sprague's oft-quoted song of "The Family Meeting" will be realized by us, tho oceans and continents may separate us from one another. In our memory's hall they gather round us again.

" We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
To-night let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here.

" We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
 And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
 Looked in, and thinned our little band;
 Some like a night-flash passed away,
 And some sank lingering day by day;
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
 And cruel Ocean has his share.

We're not all here.

“ We are all here!

Even they—the dead—tho dead, so dear—
 Fond memory, to her duty true,
 Brings back their faded forms to view.
 How lifelike, through the mist of years,
 Each well-remembered face appears!
 We see them, as in times long past;
 From each to each kind looks are cast;
 We hear their words, their smiles behold;
 They're round us, as they were of old.

We are all here.

“ We are all here,

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.
 This may not long of us be said;
 Soon must we join the gathered dead,
 And by the hearth we now sit round
 Some other circle will be found.

Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!"

III

MY YOUNG MAN IN SOCIETY

WE are not to live in this world alone. We are not to be hermits. Our life is to be colored by other people, and we are to mold and influence other lives. In thinking about life we can not consider it with any wisdom at all, unless we take into account the social surroundings. The setting of a diamond is of great importance; much of its beauty may be hidden thereby. The background of a picture often makes or unmakes the success of the essential theme of the picture itself. So to a young man there can be no more important subject for discussion than how to carry himself with wisdom in his social relations.

I shall not talk about the little formalities and ceremonies, and the etiquette of what such a man as Ward McAllister would call "society." That is out of my domain. What I mean by society is all that social relation which has to do with men and women in home, church, and school life, and even in business. I take the word society in its largest meaning, and my words

have a bearing upon your attitude toward men and women generally, in the every-day conversations and dealings which you have with them; putting special emphasis on your relation to your friends and more intimate companions during those hours when you are off duty from your regular employment.

A man's play hours are, if anything, more important on his character and upon the real success or failure of his life as a career than are his working hours. They are certainly a very much better test of the kind of man he is. Two men often work side by side in the same store, or in the same office, doing the same kind of work, and yet their social life in the hours away from business are as unlike as daylight and darkness. It is not so much what a man is doing when he is harnessed up to earn his living, as it is what he does of his own free will, when he is turned out to pasture, that reveals the real fiber of his character. The kind of friends and the associations that a young man chooses for his hours of recreation are of immeasurable importance to him. There is always the opportunity in every city for a young man to make friends who will awaken the best that is in him, and inspire him to do his best because they appreciate

that, and will be disappointed if he does not come up to the noblest possibilities of his life. On the other hand, there is always the possibility of making friends with people who will not demand much in the way of character or ability ; people who will flatter, and make one think that it is all right to be careless and indifferent about the more refined and elevated side of one's nature. Every man is tempted to make friends with people who will be lenient with his faults and foibles, and who will not be disappointed when he falls below the best things. That is the very greatest danger that some young men have. Such social fellowships, if they are intimate, are a constant drag on a man to pull him downward. A young man should understand that it is not necessary that his social relations should be positively vicious or immoral in order to be hurtful or degrading to him. All that is necessary in order for them to deteriorate his character and career is that they be silly and frittering, looking at life as a mere existence of eating and drinking and being merry.

There are always these two great attitudes toward life. One is the earnest, forceful attitude, which holds us to a steady regard of our talents and abilities as a sacred trust to develop

and make the most of, and requires us to educate and restrain and control our own natures, so that we shall be the very strongest, brightest, happiest men that can be made out of the stuff with which we have to deal. Now, if a man is going to do that sort of thing with his life, the people with whom he associates in a familiar way are important. Unconsciously they will have their influence upon him. They will affect his style of conversation. They will, in a great degree, dictate the standpoint from which he will look at things, especially in a moral way. They will leave a certain spiritual odor which it may not be possible to define exactly, but which is felt by us always when we come in close contact with people. We all know that there are some people, when we meet and converse with them, and come in touch with their real thought and feeling, from whom we go away consciously exalted and lifted up and inspired, as tho we had breathed a whiff from a garden of roses, or from a bed of violets. There are other people who have a very different effect upon us; some so coarse and gross that we never see them coming but we feel like putting our fingers to our noses, and the air does not seem good enough to breathe until we are two blocks away.

But there are a great many people who can not be put in that category, who are not bad people in the ordinary sense in which we say people are bad. Yet their estimate of life is not high. They think lightly and indifferently and irreverently of important things. Their life is purely animal. They are interested in what they eat and drink and wear, but the things of the mind and of the heart, those things which make for beauty of soul, have little or no part in their thought or conversation. They are given up to personal gossip, and to the little quips and scandals of a narrow, unprofitable social life. These are the people against whom the young man who is in earnest, who would be a Christian, who desires to carve out a strong and noble and victorious career for himself, must be on his guard.

There is, however, another side to this question of a young man's social relations, about which I want to speak with great earnestness. I think many a young man who comes to the city with a determination to get on in business, to succeed as an engineer, or merchant, or lawyer, or doctor, or dentist, is often so taken up with the one wheel at the end of the one flume, through which he is pouring all the current of his life, that he does not properly appreciate the

necessity of making his own personality attractive to the people with whom he comes in contact. Now, I am not speaking about this from a purely selfish and business standpoint. For, young men, you must remember that you are not here in this city, toiling and working day and night, simply to make a living; but to make a life. Every day's happiness or unhappiness, joy or sorrow, success or failure, exaltation or depression, smiles or tears, love or hate, good humor or anger, are threads which are being woven into that life which you are making. They are, therefore, all of them important; you can not afford to be careless about them. You are building up a personality, a man, and the kind of man you are building is the important thing. I urge upon you the wisdom of seeing to it that you are so working and reading and thinking and conversing—so holding yourself in your attitude to the men and women you know—that you are constantly becoming a more desirable man to know. So that your acquaintance will be valuable because of the pleasure which people will find in personal contact with you. If you set about that, it will arouse a good many new ideas in your mind.

Theodore Parker was accustomed to use a

phrase which had in it a world of meaning. It expressed what he called "the joy of delighting." And I imagine that there is wrapped up in that phrase that which is the greatest joy of life. If one will live in that spirit he will find himself growing happier as the years go on. A bright literary woman, who made the world brighter while she was in it, and has now gone to the world without clouds, commenting on this phrase, declares that the man who habitually tries to delight his fellow-men will find joy surrounding him like a great light, pervading his every sense like a pure air, and stimulating his every faculty like strong blood.

I am not talking now about charity, or philanthropy, or even that kind of helpfulness which I shall emphasize when I come to speak of the young man "as a neighbor." "The joy of delighting" is a thing quite apart from philanthropics, so-called; it is quite apart even from the idea of benefiting one's fellows. Yet it is not necessarily selfish, and it is certainly not unimportant. The Savior says, "The life is more than meat." To him who loves and seeks for this joy of giving delight to the people he meets daily, rudeness, unkindness of word or act, will be impossible. That disagreeable species of doing

good known as "plain speaking of needed truths" will be difficult; agreeable traits will be noticed and commented on, and disagreeable ones will not be mentioned. He will not hesitate to speak or repeat words of praise. If his fellows take the praise for mere flattery, and him for a mere flatterer, so much the worse for them—none the worse for him. But they are not likely to do that if a man is straightforward and earnest and genuine.

The lover of "the joy of delighting" will seek to create beauty and grace in his own person, in all his surroundings. No smallest thing will be beneath his attention; his clothes, his manners, his conversation, everything about himself, in so far as his means and his station in life allow, will give pleasure to all eyes and ears. Also, he will seek to provide beauty and grace for the lives of others. Very small gifts it may be—it does not take much to make people glad; a photograph, a flower, a remembered wish are often the cup of cold water that refreshes the courage of a weary heart, and speaks the message of an honest man, saying in unmistakable tones, "Let me give you delight."

The lover of "the joy of delighting" will be friendly of countenance and word to all men.

He will smile when he speaks. He will smile often when he need not speak. He will look with almost a smile into the eyes of even strangers, so overflowing will be his impulse. "She is just living sunshine," was said once of a woman who had a great love of this high joy of giving delight to others. When she crossed the threshold of a room, her simple smile spread as does a beam of light when shutters are thrown open. Her "good morning" at the breakfast table was a second beginning of the day to every one there. Such things do not belong to the women only; they are just as possible to men. And they are just as beautiful and helpful in men as in women.

If one desires to live a life irresistible in its gracious influence on others, he needs but to live in this spirit. In pursuing such a course it will be impossible for him to remain selfish, for in seeking to give others delight we are compelled to find out their desires, and to look at life from their standpoint as well as our own.

A gentleman once made a tea party for all the little girls in his town; and when they were all gathered in his front yard, in white dresses and carefully tied sashes, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl in the crowd.

But half the children did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. All the children voted, and Mary Blaine got the doll. She was not the prettiest or the most clever of the children, but she got the doll.

"Now," said the gentleman, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first. But presently Fannie Wilson said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us want to play, and then says, 'Let's play that!'"

The gentleman said that was the best reason he had ever heard, and he should try for the rest of his life to find out what the people wanted to play, and then say, "Let's play that!"

Whoever lives his life in this spirit will leave behind him wherever he goes a memory like a benediction. When Charles II. was king of England, he sent his wife, Katharine, to Oxford, bidding her not to reappear in St. James for a full year. The warden of Merton entertained the Queen during the time, and the rooms which she occupied are still shown. One day, as she sat working at the open window, a bullfinch flew into the room. The Queen caught and held it until

a cage of hemp and rushes was made. Some weeks later, on June 3, as she was leaving, the bird escaped and flew away. On her departure from the college gate she said, " Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit, I pray you always liberate hereafter a wild bullfinch on this day."

So it is that on that day in June every year the warden comes out into the quadrangle at eleven o'clock, holding a little cage of hemp and rushes, in which is a bullfinch. The junior bursar, who has been waiting his arrival, then advances, saying: " Mr. Warden, is this Queen Katharine's bird?"

" Ay," the warden replies; " this is Queen Katharine's bird."

The bursar then opens the cage and claps his hands until the bird flies away.

The man who lives in the spirit of giving delight to others in all his social contact with men and women, will be ever remembered as if singing birds were let loose in the air to carol forth the joy his presence ever gave to his friends.

Let no man say, I have no time for such things. If a man has time to live, he has time to live rightly and happily. We have no right to so

rush through life that we lose all the sweetness and value out of it. Richard Burton's song, "If We Have the Time," is worthy the reflection of every one of us, and I trust we may catch its spirit and use our time for the things most worth doing. He says:—

"If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that can not show
In my daily life that rushes so;
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time.

"If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land
Ah, God! If I might just sit still
And hear the note of the whippoorwill,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

"If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;

And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!”

IV

MY YOUNG MAN AS A LOVER

THE sweetest suggestion of a love story in all the Bible is the little glimpse we have into the long courtship between Jacob and Rachel. A three-volume novel is condensed in the single sentence: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Some stray singer, whose name I do not know, has sung its praises:—

" 'Twas the love that lightened service!
The old, old story sweet,
That yearning lips and waiting hearts
In melody repeat.
As Jacob served for Rachel
Beneath the Syrian sky,
Like golden sands that swiftly drop,
The toiling years went by.

" Chill fell the dews upon him,
Fierce smoked the sultry sun;
But what were cold or heat to him,
Till that dear wife was won!

The angels whispered in his ear,
 ‘Be patient and be strong;’
And the thought of her he waited for
 Was ever like a song.

“ Sweet Rachel, with the secret
 To hold a brave man leal;
To keep him through the changeful years,
 Thine own in woe and weal;
So that in age and exile,
 The death-damp on his face,
Thy name to the dark valley lent
 Its own peculiar grace.

“ And ‘There I buried Rachel,’
 He said of that lone spot
In Ephrath, near to Bethlehem,
 When the wife he loved was not;
For God had taken from him
 The brightness and the zest,
And the heaven above thenceforward kept
 In fee his very best.

“ As Jacob served for Rachel
 Beneath the Syrian sky,
And the golden sands of toiling years
 Went swiftly slipping by,
The thought of her was music
 To cheer his weary feet;
’Twas love that lightened service,
 The old, old story sweet.”

It is impossible for me to enter upon the discussion of this theme without feeling that I am not adequate to the task. It is easy to make jokes, and laugh at love and at the lover; but there is nothing more unwise. The great fact is certain that love is the supreme joy of any human life, and that if a man fails as a lover, he fails in the greatest opportunity and privilege of his earthly career. Nothing can ever fully make up to him for that failure.

I would like, if I could, to talk in such a way that the discussion might be of some practical value, by way of suggestion or inspiration. I think many young men do not properly consider the fact that no man has a moral right to pursue any woman as a lover, except with the intent of marriage. I am not now speaking of that friendship which one may have for many women, a frank spirit of comradeship; I am speaking of love. While all true love should be founded on or connected with a genuine friendship, it is something really very different.

Many a man plays with his power to love until the possibility of a noble, supreme affection is lost. The resources of his nature are frittered away in half-hearted flirtations until, in his worn and wasted mental and moral equipment, there

is not power enough left to rise to a high and holy passion.

Many another young man unfits himself to be a noble and sincere lover by immoral and wicked associations with women. It is impossible that a man shall regard one woman as his plaything, a soiled and impure toy, which he may take up and thrust aside at his pleasure, for his own selfish gratification, and have the perfectly pure and loving thought that the true lover ought to have about any other woman. Many a man soils his mind by an evil life, and so fills his memory and the chambers of his imagination with lustful images and impure pictures, that if the good woman to whom he afterward pays court but knew his thoughts she would turn from him with loathing and disgust.

I can not too strongly urge the important truth that a man must have right and worthy thoughts of all women, and must hold himself as the sworn guardian and protector of all womanhood, in order to be the chivalric lover he ought to be toward any one woman. Keep your heart clean! Keep your mind pure! Keep your body healthy and wholesome! Keep your record white, so that when love comes to you, you may look in the eyes the pure woman who is the object of

your affection, and tell her your love with an honest heart, without feeling that you must blush over soiled, hidden pages in your history.

I think many men do not properly appreciate that an insult to one woman is an insult to womanhood. A sin on the part of a man toward woman is just as dark and loathsome as it is on the part of a guilty woman. A man has no right to ask that the woman he loves, and is willing to marry, shall be more careful of her person or her chastity than he is himself. The false standards of society that have forgiven or shut the eyes on a man's immorality, while they punished the woman for like guilt, do not by any means thwart or do away with the laws of God. With sympathetic interest I urge upon you, my brothers, that there is no sin that will more surely eat into the very citadel of happiness, and follow the sinner with relentless persistency, than a sin against womanhood. Woman's honor is the altar of home and humanity and civilization itself, and no man can lay profane hands on that altar, and not grievously suffer for it. God does not always pay at sunset, nor at the end of the week; but at last He pays.

You can not exaggerate the power for good of a whole-hearted, noble love for a good woman.

Henry Ward Beecher says that to most men love is a kind of well, to which they resort when they are thirsty, and draw the crystal treasure for their present need, and then turn again to other satisfying experiences. But there is a love that, like a fountain, needs no cord or pole or windlass with which to draw, but full, pulsing night and day, in all seasons, sparkling, abundant, pours forth its treasure, not by the measure of a bucket, or by the capacity of the need, but according to the fulness of its own life. Such a love never dries up in the summer heat of prosperity, or freezes in the cold winter of poverty and misfortune. A man who knows a love like that, and is loved like that in return, has come into an experience that lifts him up into the fellowship of men like Dante and Petrarch and Jacob, up into the highest and noblest fellowship of the ages.

Matheson, the blind preacher of Edinburgh, says that love is the magic fountain of life. Love is the only thing which we need never outgrow. We are bound to outgrow everything else. How many gifts to our youth would be gifts to our old age? Wealth, fame, power, physical beauty, are all for the morning and the noontide; they are little coveted at evening. But love in old age can keep the dew of its youth. We have all

seen a pure love-match, which was made by the girl and the boy, retain, amid the evening shadows, its morning glow. The heart does not grow old with time. It may grow old with grief or bitterness or care, but not with time. Time has no empire over the heart. It has an empire over the eye, over the ear, over the cheek, over the hand; but not over the heart. The heart may be swept by storms, but not corroded by decay. It keeps no record of the flying years; it is untouched by the winter snow. The inscription ever written over the gates of the heart is, "There shall be no night there."

Love is so sacred a thing that there can be no greater dishonor than to pretend love where it does not exist. Perfect frankness and candor should always be exercised in such important matters. It is possible for men to so dally with their own affections that they will not themselves know how hollow and insincere they are becoming. One of our recent novelists has put these words into the mouth of the heroine. They are spoken to the man who had professed to love her, and who had proved false: "You were not capable of love; you never knew what it means; from the first you were too untrue ever to love a woman. You talk of not meaning to do me

harm! You were never capable of doing me good. It was not in you. From first to last you were untrue. With a nature like yours nothing is sure or lasting. Everything changes with the mood. I should disbelieve you, tho all the world were on your side to declare me wrong." It is a fearful thing to so waste one's power to be genuine and sincere and whole-hearted in affection and fidelity as to deserve such a rebuke.

Let no man, as he values his happiness in time or eternity, make love to a woman unless the heart's full tide is behind it. The happiness of the world would be increased if, from the men who offer them love, women everywhere could get genuine and candid answers to "A' Woman's Question," as propounded by Adelaide Proctor:—

" Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all to thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

" I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

“ Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O tell me, before all is lost.

“ Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

“ Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest, at some future day,
My whole life wither and decay.

“ Lies there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own.

“ Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day’s mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.”

V

MY YOUNG MAN AS A HUSBAND

GREAT happiness can never crown married life without high ideals and a good deal of genuine sentiment on the part of both husband and wife. There is a great deal said in our day about realism in literature in contrast with the romantic, tho I think the fad has spent its course and the tide is turning the other way. However it may be in literature, in domestic life a hard and unromantic realism, that makes of home simply a lodging-house, and a lunch-counter, or another sort of club, banishes all that which makes home sacred and beautiful.

Richard Watson Gilder recently said that much of the marital infelicity of the world would be evaded were men and women to read great poems as constantly as they do the newspapers. I suppose Mr. Gilder's thought is that the great poems are ideal. They go so far as to idealize human emotions and passions, which are the only real things in them. So Mr. Gilder doubtless thinks that what husbands and wives need

most is purity and largeness of feeling, the inspiration of whole-souled and unselfish emotion; that after the news of the day they need idealism and a savor of romance to soften the roughness of every-day living. The reading of poetry, he thinks, will tend to give this.

It is, however, something more than the reading of poetry, it is the living of poetry that we all need. We need something in our lives that will set the burdens we carry on our shoulders, and the accounts we add up with brain and finger, and the perplexing problems we have to decide, to the rhythm of music. Love is the only alchemy that can idealize and glorify married life. Clara Bronson sings:

“ Have you noticed the change it sometimes makes
In a woman's face—
Passive it may be, and dull and cold,
Neutral-tinted, and commonplace—
When the sun falls on it? How swift it takes
Meaning and color and soft outlines?
How strange new lights from the eyes will slip
And new tints blossom on cheek and lip?
The whole face softens and warms and shines,
And the hair, a miser grown overbold,
Shows forth, of a sudden, undreamed-of gold
Oh, there's many a woman, east and west,
Must be in the sunshine to look her best!

“ Have you ever noticed the change it makes
In a woman's face
And her heart and her life, that were cold and
dull
And slightly inclined to commonplace,
When Love shines on them? How there breaks
Over her nature a wave of gold,
Bringing out beauty unknown before,
Mellowing, widening more and more,
Lifting her up till her eyes behold
Ever new blooms for her hands to cull,
So she and her life grow beautiful?
Oh, there's never a woman, east or west,
But must live in Love's sunshine to live her
best!”

And you may be very sure that the woman in the case must be happy and at her best if you are to have a noble and joyous married life.

No woman who is capable of making a true man, who is something more than a mere animal, genuinely happy, as the changing years go on, can be at her best without the inspiration and cheer of true love. Many a man fails to understand the very delicate and sensitive creation which God places in his hands at the marriage altar in the person of his wife. It is not simply a cook, or a chambermaid, or a housekeeper that

a genuine man wants when he marries; it is a wife, with all that holy word means, and only genuine love and fellowship can crown womanhood and make it wifely.

There was in the family of Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, a woman of beautiful memory, a young lady who, on one occasion, received a valentine written by a talented young gentleman, and she asked Mrs. Lathrop to answer it.

The result of the request was the following splendid poem:

“ Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman’s heart, and a woman’s life,
And a woman’s wonderful love?

“ Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

“ You have written my lesson of duty out;
Manlike, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of a woman’s soul
Until I shall question thee.

" You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your stockings and shirt shall be whole;
I require your life shall be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

" You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and
shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

" A king for the beautiful realm called Home
And a man whom the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say, 'It is very good.'

" I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

" Is your love an ocean, so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she becomes a bride.

" I require all things that are good and true—
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I will stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

" If you can not be this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way."

I am sure you will be interested to know that this striking poem, written from a woman's standpoint, fell into the hands of a very bright man, Mr. Frederick W. Sisson, of Arizona, who immediately replied to it in a poem entitled, " A Man's Reply " :

" I stand at the bar of your pure woman's soul,
Condemned in the cause that you plead;
My only defense is the simple request
That you'll judge me by motive, not deed.

" For remember that man's but a child in the dark,
Tho formed by the Hand from above;
He will fall many times, but will walk forth at last
In the sunshine of Infinite Love.

" So I'm boldened to answer your question so fair
And give you 'a man's reply,'
That for the prize of a true woman's love
I am ready to live or die.

" You say that the man who gains your love
Must be brave and true and good;
I answer that she who wins my heart
Must a type be of true womanhood.

"You say that you look for 'a man and a king,'
A very prince of the race;
I look for a kind and generous heart,
And not for a queenly face.

"You require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
I ask for a woman, with all that implies,
And that is sufficient for me.

"You ask for a man without a fault,
To live with here on earth;
I ask for a woman, faults and all,
For by faults I may judge her worth.

"I ask for a woman made as of old,
A higher form of man;
His comforter, helper, adviser, and friend,
As in the original plan;

"A woman who has an aim in life,
Who finds 'life worth the living;'
Who makes the world better for being here,
And for others her life is giving.

"I will not require all I've asked
In these lines so poor and few;
I only pray that you may be all
That God can make of you."

Most men would have little difficulty in assuring the happiness of their married lives, if they would continue to practise the same deference and gentle, unselfish courtesy during the years after marriage, which they exercised during the period of courtship. I once lived in a house in Massachusetts, built and owned by, and for a great many years the residence of, a brilliant but erratic novelist, who had great fame in his day. The neighbors had a good many traditions and stories to tell about the place. One of these was very beautiful. On every Thursday evening after dinner, for over twenty years, this gentleman would carefully array himself in his dress suit, as tho he were going out to spend the evening at a wedding or reception. He would then take a walk, and, coming back, would ring his own front-door bell with as much ceremony as tho he were making an evening call. In the meantime his wife had made a most careful and elaborate toilet, and now met him at the door in her very best, as she did when he was courting her. Then they went to the parlor and spent the evening together. Nothing was ever allowed to break up this courtship evening of the week. If people called, no matter who, or how urgent their business, they were always told by the ser-

vants that the master and mistress of the household were out—and so they were to all except one another and their dream of love. Their neighbors who knew their strange and beautiful habit never thought of calling on that night, and they grew to rather look for it, and on seeing the lights in the parlor window would say, "It's honeymoon night at the Terrace." No doubt every home in the community was a little happier and more loving because of that unique and beautiful example. Years after the man was dead, his widow told me the story herself, and her face glowed as she recalled it, and love's sweet rain wet her face at the memory.

One of the sweetest love stories treasured up in modern literary circles is the married love of Robert Browning, the poet, and his wife, the scarcely less famous poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Clifford Howard says that wherever Mrs. Browning trod, whatever she touched, became endowed to her husband with the sacredness of her presence. When Mr. Browning returned with her on a visit to England, after an absence of several years, he repaired to the little church in which they had been married, and there at the entrance he reverently kneeled and kissed the paving stones upon which she, the

very light of his being, had stepped. And in after years, when the light had gone from his life, he sought this sacred spot on the twelfth of each September, and in the dusk of evening shadows the passer-by might have seen a white-haired man kneeling for a moment, as if in prayer, before the doorway of the dark and silent church.

Not once in all the years of their married life was Browning absent from his wife a single day. At home or on their occasional journeys he was ever with her, happiest when ministering to her comfort. Often ill and unable to leave her room, he nursed her with the tenderness of a woman, cheering her in her convalescence with stories and songs, or reading to her for hours at a time, as he oft had in the days before their marriage.

It was in his touching thoughtfulness—in his little acts of loving and unsolicited attention—that his love for her was most truly shown. Oft-times would he rise early in the morning, long ere the time for her awakening, and hastening forth into the garden or the fields, gather a bunch of fragrant blossoms to place at her bedside, that they might be the first realities of life to greet her with their sunshine and with their tender message of love upon her return from the world

of dreams. His every thought, his every care, was of her, to add to the joy or the comfort of her life, and many were the means devised by his thoughtful solicitude for the accomplishment of his loving purpose. To shield her delicate eyes from the light he had placed in the window of her room a small shutter of mica, so arranged that the sunlight might fall upon her table in subdued and gentle radiance.

Browning's story of the last evening they had together on earth shows his love for her in an exquisite way. She said, on that last evening, "It is merely the old attack, not so severe a one as that of two years ago. There is no doubt that I shall soon recover." And so they talked over plans for the summer and the next year.

Suddenly Browning saw that the inevitable change was coming, and this is his description of it: "Then came, what my heart will keep until I see her again, and longer—the most perfect expression of her love for me within my knowledge of her. Always smiling happily, and with a face like a girl's, in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek. There was no lingering nor acute pain, nor consciousness of separation; but God took her to Himself as you

would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and the light. When I asked, 'How do you feel?' the last word was, 'Beautiful!''

If any of you feel that I have idealized the relations between husband and wife, I can only plead that there will be many who will try to make them seem poor and mean and commonplace to you, and few enough who will seek to throw around your living the glow and fascination of the spiritual.

To make married life what it ought to be in this world, there must ever be, as an undercurrent to our thinking and living, the thought of the other world, and the consecration of that higher love toward God that hallows and gives permanence to all human affection. Martin Luther's wedding ring bore an image of Christ. Every true marriage will bear such a seal, inwardly if not outwardly. On thousands of wedding rings the Christ image grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

VI

MY YOUNG MAN AS A CHURCH MEMBER

THE Christian Church is, at the present day, whatever else may be said for or against it, the organization of goodness in modern life. In saying that I make no claim that all goodness among men is in the church, or that all the church is good; I simply state a fact which is easily proven—that the great overwhelming majority of the forces that make for righteousness as a positive factor in discouraging sin and putting down iniquity, forces that stand with emphasis for all goodness as opposed definitely to all badness, have their organized form in the various branches of the Christian Church.

Therefore I say, without any hesitation whatever, that every Christian man is under obligation to unite himself definitely, openly, and enthusiastically with that wing of the Christian Church where it appears to him he can be of most value to the cause of goodness in the world, and can help on with greatest vigor the capture of the world by Jesus Christ. I will state plainly

what I mean by a Christian man. According to my thinking Jesus Christ himself was the first Christian, and any man has a right to call himself a Christian who is trying, with an honest heart, to model his life after the life of Jesus Christ. If a man takes Christ as his teacher, as his Savior from his sins, as his inspiration to goodness, and reverently seeks to stand in the same attitude toward life and his fellow-men that Jesus took, and endeavors to please Christ by his thoughts and words and conduct, then it seems to me that that man is a Christian. And a man who determines to be a Christian should on every account unite himself with some branch of the Christian Church, where his confession of Christ will be open, and where his fellowship with other Christians will be congenial and helpful to himself, and where his own service in return will be of value.

There are a good many men who are honestly, I doubt not, seeking to lead Christian lives, but who are remaining outside of the church. Sometimes they say that their position is more liberal, and that church membership is often narrow and bigoted. But I am sure that that excuse will not stand the light of the most casual investigation. Free love may be said to be more liberal

in a sense than marriage. Marriage is a very narrow institution, in some ways; but any other course would subvert all family life, and bring about a reign of immoral anarchy. The guerilla or the bushwhacker, taken in the same sense, pursues a more liberal course than the volunteer soldier, who enlists and takes the oath of allegiance to his country, subjects himself to discipline, and becomes a uniformed defender of the flag. But it is not the guerrillas or the bushwhackers who are counted upon to win victories for the national arms, but the trained and disciplined soldiery, who have come out openly and united with the army. So I am compelled to bear testimony that I have never known any permanent service of real value to be performed by the religious bushwhackers and guerrillas with whom I have often come in contact. Such people usually come to be mere Gospel tramps, who go about with itching ears and idle hands, seeking after every new thing, but never coming to be counted on as a reliable force in the fight against wickedness.

There are others who excuse themselves by saying that it is not necessary to belong to the church in order to maintain Christian integrity. If we were to admit that for a moment, it would

still be interesting to point out the fact that the Christian teaching, and the widespread influences of Christianity, which make the moral life of some people outside of the church, have been created and are maintained by the churches, and do not exist anywhere in the world except where the Christian Church is strongly entrenched and supported. And is it not a cowardly thing, an ungrateful and unmanly thing, for a man who believes in the Divine influences of the Christian religion, and who confesses that it is his desire and purpose to model his own life in harmony with them, to yet thrust upon other shoulders the entire burden of sustaining the stream of influence which has made his own honorable life a possibility? Such an attitude is unmanly and degrading, and if persisted in can but deteriorate and lower the strength and tone of a man's character.

There is another reason why it is impossible to alienate ourselves from other friends of Jesus Christ by remaining outside of all of the Christian family homes of the church, without failing to attain the noblest type of Christian manhood. The Christian religion, above all others, is a personal religion. It gathers about the person of Jesus Christ. A man might believe all sorts of

abstract truth, and yet not be a Christian. The very essence of Christianity is to know and love and obey Jesus Christ. All our service as Christians takes on a tinge of romance and the glow of heroism because we do it, not as unto men only, but for Christ's sake.

Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, was at one time hunted through his native land until, like the Master, he could have said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He had on one occasion been traveling as he could, under cover, through the Highland glens all day long. He was tired out and wet and hungry. He must find some place for shelter and food. At last he came in sight of a little cottage with its thatched roof, and, with the courage of despair, he went boldly into it. He found the mistress, an old, true-hearted Scotchwoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveler who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our lawful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the woman, "who is the rightful lord of this country; and, although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

The old Scotchwoman kept the door of her cottage open with hospitality for the sake of one whom she regarded as her king. How much the more shall we men of these latter days of the nineteenth century—a century all aglow with the conquests of Jesus Christ; a century whose brain has been inspired by Him; a century in which art and literature and invention and learning and government have all felt the purifying and uplifting influence of Jesus Christ; a century where the name of Christ has been the war-cry for liberty and progress and manhood—give to Christ our most open and devoted service!

Young Sherman Hoar, of Massachusetts, a noble representative of a great family famous for its production of public men, who fell a victim during the Spanish war to his devotion to the needs of the sick soldiers among the Massachusetts volunteers, used to say to the young men at religious conventions of his church, that it was a great mistake for them not to dare to seem to be as good as they really were. He said

young men often thought it was good form, in order not to be hypocrites, to let the world believe that they were a little worse than they really were. Such a notion he ridiculed, saying, "Why should you not dare to be regarded as good as you really are?" And so I say to you, that you owe it to your manhood, you owe it to your fellow-men with whom you associate, and you owe it to Jesus Christ, your Lord and King, to enlist openly, and take upon yourself the vow of allegiance as a uniformed soldier of Jesus Christ.

It should be to you an interesting and suggestive fact that Lieutenant Hobson, the most picturesque hero of the Spanish war, is a young man of genuine religious devotion. When it was decided that he would make the attempt to sink the *Merrimac* in the channel at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, where the chances were very slight that his life would not be the forfeit of his brave deed, he proceeded to make his will, which is now in the hands of his father in Alabama. The opening clause of this historic document reads: "For my near and distant future, I leave myself, without anxiety, in the hands of Almighty God." So it was with prayer and consecration that the most heroic deed of the war was

begun. Every day of common life has its opportunities and its demands for heroism, and we shall not acquit ourselves in a way worthy of our manhood, unless we give ourselves the benefit of a loyal attitude toward Christ, and the strength which comes from being in marching touch with other brave and heroic soldiers of the Christian faith.

Christ asks of us this open and public enlistment. He says: "If any man will confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father and his holy angels." Observation shows that without this public confession and vital union with the Christian army all a man's good wishes toward Christianity are practically of little value, and in these times of ours, when the work before the Christian Church is so great, and when the opportunities of Christian service are so abundant, no man who has a vestige of reverence for Christ in his heart should hold back from bringing all the force he has into the campaign against iniquity. It is not negative, nerveless, wishy-washy, goody-goody, do-nothing sort of people, tho they do no positive evil, who help on righteousness on the earth; but the men who join a company, and are trained to keep step with other soldiers, and shoulder the musket, and stand out as a positive

factor to help win the day for goodness and for Christ. Positive men we need, men who are ready to act and do. We may well sing with Mackay:

“ Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way! .

“ Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What shall be the unmingled glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay;
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!

With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
 For the prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!"

VII

MY YOUNG MAN AS A NEIGHBOR

JESUS CHRIST is an expert in regard to social relations. No man whose name is marked on the roll of history has such authority on the way one man should treat another. He has seen fit to put the clearest possible emphasis on our duty to our neighbors. That clear and heart-pricking story of the man who was ambushed by highwaymen on the Jericho road, stripped of his money and clothes and left to die, and who was passed by, first by one and then another of whom better things might have been expected, but was finally rescued by a man of another nationality out of pure human brotherliness, has gotten into the heart of humanity. Not only sermons and essays have been written about it, but great novels and poems and paintings have enshrined it, and multiplied organizations throughout the world seek to perpetuate it on an enlarged scale in human conduct.

In that story, as in all His teachings, this Divine Expert on neighborliness makes it evi-

dent that according to His thought our neighbor is the man who needs us and whom it is within our power to help. He may live next door, or he may live in Puerto Rico, or Manila, or Cape Town; but if he needs us, and we may stretch across land and sea to heal his heart-ache or feed his famine, and give him a chance to be a man again, he is our neighbor. We are too apt to think of our neighbor as the man who is in our own social set, the one who is on a par with us in the financial and social circle, and from whom we may expect equal returns for any kindness or mercy which we may extend. But that is not according to Christ's teaching. Our neighbor is the man from whom we may never expect anything in return unless it be gratitude and love, but one to whom we may stretch the arm of help in the name of brotherhood through Christ. Christ has made every man a personality with a rightful claim on our attention.

It is related by a distinguished politician that during Mr. Cleveland's last term as president, one of those rascally loafers in Washington, who sometimes find their way into office, rented the house of an aged widow who was dependent on that source for her entire income. He put her off from month to month, and finally laughed in

her face as he told her that he wouldn't pay, and that she could not make him pay. He would not go out till the law put him out, and he would avail himself of all the delays possible. She consulted a lawyer who had been a friend of her family for years, but the man was even more impudent to him. The case was so hard that the attorney went personally to the president, who heard the facts, and then said in an indignant tone, "Get the fellow's note."

"But his note isn't worth the paper it is written on."

"No matter. Get his note, and bring it to me."

There was no trouble in carrying out this request, the debtor expressing his delight at being allowed to settle at the trouble of writing a worthless obligation.

The lawyer took it to the president and said: "Now what?"

"This," replied the president, as he wrote his name across the back. "I indorse it; now demand payment."

The office-holder was in a leading hotel when the lawyer walked up to him and asked a settlement as he handed him the note. The fellow sneered until he turned the paper over. Then

he turned purple, stammered out a request that the lawyer wait there for ten minutes, and inside of that time he was back with the money.

Before any man sneers at the claim which the poorest and weakest of his fellow-men have upon his neighborly kindness, let him look at the indorsement which Jesus Christ has written across the back of that claim. It reads like this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,

When I might be

A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

"If I might share

A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,

How could I dare—

When in the evening watch I knelt to pray—
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

"If I might sing

A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart

When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

“ And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.”

This neighborly spirit is a characteristic of the greatest souls. Frommel, the great Berlin court preacher, who was for many years one of the influential men of the German Fatherland, was as greatly beloved among the poor as among the rich and great, because he was a true neighbor. Since his death many are the stories they tell of his big-heartedness.

A poor old woman lay dying, and Frommel, being in that neighborhood and hearing of her case, went to see her. Seeing that she was very ill, he gave her what she so much desired, his last blessing, after which he asked her if there were not some wish ungratified which he could make a reality for her. She acknowledged that there was, but at the same time refused to tell it

for fear he would think her very worldly and weak. Finally, however, she yielded to his kind persuasion, and confessed that she had a very great desire to "taste cherries once more" before she died. Knowing that the physicians had said that her case was hopeless, and that her death was distant only a few hours, Frommel determined to gratify her longing. So he descended the stairs in quest of a fruit-woman, and fortunately found one near at hand with a large basket of luscious fruit. To the astonishment of the woman he bought her entire stock, and it was soon deposited at the bedside of the dying woman, to whom he said: "Now, mother, for once I want to see you eat just all the cherries you can hold." To the surprise of herself and Frommel it seemed to be just the medicine she needed, and the old woman got well.

Frommel always reminds me of Henry Ward Beecher. You could not go to Brooklyn with any tale of neighborly kindness that was good enough to be true that would be doubted for a moment in that city where they knew and loved Mr. Beecher so well. After he had grown to be an old man this incident happened, which reveals the spirit in which the man lived all his life:

An Irish girl, named Bridget Dowd, was a

servant in Brooklyn. Her cousin, a young girl, came over from the old country and hunted through the streets of Brooklyn to find Bridget. Finally she was completely lost and determined to ring the door-bell of the nearest house and make inquiries.

The door was opened by a noble-looking old man, with a magnificent physique and wavy white hair. She asked him the address, but, seeing that she was troubled, instead of answering her directly, he inquired in a kindly way what she wanted. Encouraged by his manner, the young immigrant told him her troubles and explained why she wanted the address.

"Well," said he, "you just wait till I get my hat, and I'll go along and show you the way."

In a moment he reappeared and the strange couple started off together. As they walked he asked her all about herself, and her life and troubles in the old country, and she told him everything. They chatted together like old friends, and the young woman, delighted as she was with her new friend, could not understand the reason of the puzzling glances that met them from every one whom they passed.

At last they stopped before a handsome house,

and the old man said, "You stand here at the gate while I ring the bell."

He then went down to the basement door, and when the servant girl appeared he asked, "Does Bridget Dowd live here?"

"Yes, sir," said the servant; "she is the upstairs girl."

"Well," said the visitor, chuckling to himself, "will you kindly tell her that Mr. Beecher would like to see her?"

The girl carried the message upstairs, but on the way she met some of the members of the family, to whom she told the astonishing thing that had occurred.

"What!" said one of the ladies, "Mr. Beecher at our basement door? How dreadful! Why didn't you ask him to the front door? Go down at once, you foolish girl, and apologize to him, and ask him to come to the other door."

But Mr. Beecher refused to budge from the basement door. He wanted to see Bridget Dowd, and in a few minutes that young woman, much flustered at the honor that was being done her, came to the door.

"Are you Miss Dowd?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said he, beckoning to the young

woman at the gate, who now came forward and was revealed for the first time to her amazed cousin, "do you recognize this young woman?"

But there was no answer. The two girls flew into each other's arms, showering Irish greetings upon each other, and Mr. Beecher, his face wreathed in smiles, turned away. They recovered themselves enough to run after him and try to thank him, but he would listen to nothing. He bade them good-by in his kindly way, and tho he probably never saw them again, there were two earnest young Catholics who never considered it a sin after having been to mass to go to Plymouth Church and hear a Protestant sermon whenever they could get away from their household duties.

The current literature of the world has been full of Mr. Gladstone as a neighbor during the last year. I think one of the most interesting stories which has come to the surface is that of a plain wreath of oak leaves which was sent, through the English consul in Berlin, with the expressed hope that it might find a place on Mr. Gladstone's coffin. The sender was a Berlin shoemaker, who at one time owed his success in business to the "Grand Old Man." About twenty years ago this shoemaker came to London and established

a small workshop; but, in spite of industry and strict attention to business, he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the whispering gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral with his betrothed bride, to whom he confided the sad condition of his affairs, and the impossibility of their marriage.

The young girl forced upon him all her small savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather, without, however, knowing that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make inquiries about him. The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him that he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him, and soon, to his great astonishment, he received orders from the wealthiest circles in London society, and his business became so well established that he was able to marry and have a comfortable home of his own. He was known in London for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker." But only when, to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin, did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his "credit account" to none other than Mr. Gladstone. The great premier had been in

the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery had heard every word that had been said, and like the true neighbor he was to all humanity, he followed him up and did the neighborly deed which gave joy and success to all his future life.

I have given you these glimpses into real life because, after all, life itself is the great teacher. I can only say to you, as Christ used to say at the conclusion of His teaching stories, "Go thou and do likewise."

"Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;
It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened,
By the help that you bestow.

"It may be that some one falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother,
What a sin is yours and mine

If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign.

“Never think kind words are wasted—
Bread on water cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day,
Coming back when sorely needed,
In the time of sharp distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.”

VIII

MY YOUNG MAN AND HIS MONEY

MONEY is condensed clothing and food, both for the body and the mind. If clothes are good, if food is essential, then money is necessary. Money is condensed civilization; it is books, art, newspapers, music, manufactories, trolley cars, railway trains, bridges, steamers—all these and more—in a portable form. If these things are necessary to civilization, and civilization is a good thing for mankind, then money is a good thing.

The Christian religion does not make war on money. The Bible never said that money is the root of all evil. What it does say is that “the love of money is the root of all evil;” which is another way of saying that the root sin of the world, from which all other sins spring, is selfishness. When a man loves money, he loves what in itself is a good thing, but which when loved and worshiped breeds every manner of sin and crime that has been known in human history.

Now, I should like very much to say some

eminently practical and helpful things about money. It is the duty of every man to earn money, to earn more than enough money to sustain his own daily needs and the needs of those who are dependent upon him. I want to assure every young man that life will be a great deal happier for you if you go through your earthly career having always on hand more money than you need to spend to-day. That ordinary human foresight which leads a man of average common sense to store up something for breakfast before he goes to bed at night, to look out for times of sickness and enforced idleness, to prepare a store against old age, will never be frowned upon by any well-balanced public teacher.

The Scriptures say that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." We often see this illustrated. I never pity a man who has to work for his living. I often pity men who have not become interested in any honorable employment that gives their life some noble aim and purpose. To be poor simply in the sense of having to exert yourself mentally or physically, or both, in order to earn your livelihood, is, as I look at it, no curse. But to be poor in the sense that you have unfitted yourself by wasteful habits or idle years for the earning of sufficient money to insure the

supply of the needs of your daily life, is a very sad thing.

Young men in this country are, perhaps, more wasteful and extravagant than in any other country in the world. They get better wages here, and they throw away more money on unnecessary luxury and dissipation, than in any other land. I do not know any virtue that the young men of America need to have emphasized on their thought more than the virtue of economy. You must remember that it is not the amount of money you make, but it is the amount that you save, that is to add to the permanent comfort—I mean the reserve comfort—of your life. For it is not only the money that you save, it is the habit of prudence and of taking care of your resources which will communicate itself to your character, strengthening and broadening it in every way. To illustrate what I mean, here are two young men, John and George. They are book-keepers, just getting started; they earn fifteen dollars a week. John pays his board, takes care of his clothes, looks modest and neat and respectable, making a contribution of one dollar a week to various benevolent and religious objects, and yet saves five dollars a week out of the fifteen. At the end of the year he has two hundred and

sixty dollars in the bank. George has a different view of things. He intends after awhile, when he comes to have twenty-five or thirty dollars a week, to lay up money; but he has a theory that fifteen dollars a week is not any too much for a young man to spend on himself, and so he lives up to the full limit of his salary, and at the end of the year he has not a cent. Now, I mean to say that John will look at all questions of public interest in politics, in government, in law and order in the city, from an entirely different standpoint than will George. John is a citizen of importance. He has a bank account. The question of finance interests him. Questions of taxation appeal to him. Political economy is with him a problem of personal attention. You can easily see that the saving of that five dollars a week has sobered and broadened and enlarged him, and made him a great deal more of a man. What does George care for the silver and gold controversy?—he would be glad enough to have either, and it would burn a hole in his pocket before night if he had it. A certain reckless unreliability of character, developed by his carelessness of expenditure, makes him every year less of a man.

Again, the whole question of marriage and

home life is bound up with this problem of a young man's wise dealing with his money. I remember two young men with whom I became acquainted in an Eastern city several years ago. One of them was an Irishman who had just come to this country, and I had the pleasure of welcoming him into my church side by side with a young American who had had far superior advantages in the way of education and early training. Now these were both good, straightforward, honorable, religious men. Neither of them wasted money in drink or cards, or immoral or questionable practises. They would be understood anywhere to be thoroughly good men. The American had a position where he was earning fifteen dollars a week, with a chance for promotion. The Irishman went to work in a paint shop, to learn the business, at six dollars a week. He paid three dollars a week for good, honest board. He paid for his lodging by doing chores at the boarding-house. He gave five dollars that year for missions, paid ten cents a week in the envelopes for the support of the church, and at the end of six months, having saved two dollars a week, he had fifty dollars in the bank. The other young man had sent flowers to his girl, worn a great variety of colors

in his neckties, discarded his clothes when they needed to be mended, and had managed to live up to every cent of his fifteen dollars a week.

A few years have now passed by. For the last four years the Irishman has been running his own painting business, and, having thoroughly learned his trade, having plenty of energy and industry, has done well. He owns his own little home in the city of Boston, has it paid for, and a respectable bank account besides. He is an official member of his church, where he is a liberal contributor, and is a responsible, prosperous citizen of the community. The American who spent fifteen dollars a week was promoted to twenty dollars a week, and found it just as easy to spend that. Then he got twenty-five dollars, and that went in the same way. A year ago he was thrown out of employment, and for six months was compelled to live on his widowed mother, because he had not laid up a cent for a rainy day. He has never been able to get married, of course; but the Irishman has a lovely wife, a little pink cherub of a baby, and is as happy as the day is long.

I venture to say that there are hundreds of young men in Cleveland, having been in business here ten years, who have wasted enough money

in extravagance, which has brought them no real good in any way, to pay for a house and lot in the suburbs, and start them on the way toward a comfortable, happy home life.

This wastefulness of money leads to another phase of a young man's money matters, to which it is very important that I should call attention. That is the question of debt. The Bible says again: "The borrower is servant to the lender," and nothing is truer than that. Debt is a species of slavery. Of course, I am not now discussing well-considered plans of business which may lead a young man into legitimate obligations; but I am speaking of the kind of debt that comes to a young man through his living beyond his means—debts that he owes to his landlady, his tailor, the laundry, and all that sort of thing. Such debts empty a man of his self-respect. They are not honest. A man has no right to live at a higher price than his wages warrant. The man who is getting a dollar a day, and deliberately plans to spend a dollar and twenty-five cents a day, is a thief. He is stealing twenty-five cents a day from somebody. Extravagant living, which ends in a young man being haunted by people he owes, so that he dreads going up and down the street for fear he will meet somebody with a bill

against him, has led thousands of young men to commit forgery, to steal from their employer's till, and do all sorts of nefarious deeds.

Another phase of this debt question is the constant habit of some young men who get behind, and are always on the ragged edge in their finances, of borrowing a dollar, or two dollars, or five dollars. There is no greater nuisance in the community, among decent people, than the fellow who is always running in on his own friends, or presuming on some friendship of his father or mother, or on his standing in the church, or the lodge, or the club, to borrow a small sum from somebody. I say to young men, if you want to keep your self-respect, if you want to strengthen and enlarge your manhood, starve rather than do that. I am not saying to the man out of work, "Starve rather than ask help;" I am talking to men who are at work.

Employers and business people generally respect the man who lives within his means and who seeks to help himself. I have in mind at this moment a young man of very modest and quiet demeanor, nothing dashing or brilliant about him in any way; yet I heard a business man of large wealth say a few weeks ago, "I prophesy for that young man a good business future. He

is going to be a very valuable man to the church and the community." I inquired into the matter and found out the basis for this man's admiration. The young man in question came to Cleveland several years ago a poor boy. He worked hard at small wages at first, but saved his money, stuck carefully to his business, was regular in his church and Sunday-school attendance, and quietly made friends. His industry brought him promotion, and about a year ago he bought, for a small sum, a lot with an old house on it. He got board close to it, and worked evenings and mornings and some hours at night until he transformed that house, by his own labor, into a beautiful home. He has married a good, honest girl, and has the prospect of a very happy life. I am acquainted with other young men who have been here longer and have earned better wages, but who, without having been dissipated or immoral, have absolutely nothing to show for it except their extravagant habits.

Again I want to ring the changes on the matter of living within your income. Extravagant tastes in eating and drinking and clothing are largely matters of habit, and often matters of very silly and foolish pride. Many of the greatest men that the world has ever seen, who have

done work that will make humanity richer forever, have lived in a very modest way and retained their self-respect rather than enslave themselves by debt. A friend of Agassiz and a fellow-member of the Harvard College faculty relates a story which the famous ornithologist was fond of telling about his visit to the great German naturalist, Lorenz Oken, at whose home he once dropped in quite unexpectedly. The professor received his guest with warm enthusiasm. He showed his visitor the laboratory and the students at work, also his cabinet, and, lastly, his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science, a collection worth some seven thousand dollars, and well deserving the glow of pride which the owner manifested as he expatiated on its excellence. When the dinner hour came, the great German said: "Monsieur Agassiz, to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this I allow myself no luxury whatever. Thrice a week our table boasts of meat; the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred on a potato day."

Of course we laugh at that, but who does not respect this great naturalist more for such heroic

simplicity than if he had lived beyond his means and failed to do his great work on account of his extravagance?

I must not fail, however, to throw out an anchor in the other direction. There are some of you who do not need any of these exhortations to save money. Your temptation is in the other direction altogether. You have the money-getting nose. You could smell money under whatever mountain of difficulty it might be buried. You squeeze the eagle until it screams for pain on every piece of money that gets into your hand. You have sympathy with the old man who sat in the back seat at church, so as to get the interest on the nickel which he contributed during the time it took the collectors to get to him. Your danger is that money will get to be your god.

Now, money is a good servant, but a brutal and tyrannical god. Many people make the great mistake of imagining that the possession of a large amount of money will insure their happiness and peace. It is not so. My observation leads me to believe that there is as much unhappiness, as much heart-breaking misery, among very rich people as there is among very poor people, and that there is less happiness among either the very poor or the very rich than among those

who have neither poverty nor riches, but who seek money that they may use it to build up a larger and better manhood and womanhood. For the benefit of those who believe that if they could get rich they would surely be happy, I want to recall a very old story.

There was a king whose name was Dionysius. He was so unjust and cruel that he won for himself the name of tyrant. He knew that almost everybody hated him, and so he was always in dread lest somebody should take his life.

But he was very rich, and he lived in a fine palace where there were many beautiful and costly things; and he was waited on by a host of servants who were always ready to do his bidding.

One day a friend of his, whose name was Damocles, said to him: "How happy you must be! You have everything that any man could wish."

"Perhaps you would like to change places with me," said the tyrant.

"No, not that, O king!" said Damocles; "but I think that if I could only have your riches and your pleasures for one day, I should not want any greater happiness."

"Very well," said the tyrant, "you shall have them."

And so, the next day, Damocles was led into the palace, and all the servants were bidden to treat him as their master. He sat down at a table in the banquet hall, and rich foods were placed before him. Nothing was wanting that could give him pleasure. There were costly wines, beautiful flowers, rare perfumes, and delightful music. He rested himself among soft cushions, and for a moment felt that he was the happiest man in all the world.

Then he chanced to raise his eyes toward the ceiling. What was it that was dangling above him, with its point almost touching his head?

It was a sharp sword, and it was hung only by a single horse-hair. What if the hair should break? There was danger every moment that it would do so.

The smile faded from the lips of Damocles. His face became ashy pale. His hands trembled. He wanted no more food; he could drink no more wine; he took no more delight in music. He longed to be out of the palace and away, he cared not where.

"What is the matter?" said the tyrant.

"That sword! That sword!" cried Damocles. He was so frightened that he dared not move.

"Yes," said Dionysius, "I know there is a

sword above your head, and that it may fall at any moment. But why should that trouble you? I have a sword over my head all the time. I am every moment in dread lest something may cause me to lose my life."

"Let me go," said Damocles. "I now see that I was mistaken, and that the rich and powerful are not so happy as they seem. Let me go back to my old home in the little cottage among the mountains."

And so long as he lived Damocles never again wanted to be rich, or to change places, even for a moment, with the king.

Money is a servant; use it to build up your manhood. Money is power; use it to lift up the weak, to bring comfort to those in distress, to bless those whom it is in your power to help. Keep ever in mind that you are in the world to develop manhood, and that money is to be used so as to make you a nobler, broader, more generous, and brotherly man.

No young man can wisely wait until he is rich before he cultivates habits of generosity. If you only earn six dollars a week, see that at least a fragment of it goes to help somebody else. Increase your generosity and your support of religion and philanthropy as your income in-

creases, and then, if in time God shall entrust you with great wealth, you will be one of the rich men who is greater than his money, and whose life will bless the world and not curse it. Many men say and imagine that if they had a million they would do great good with it. But the man who is selfish, and gives no part of his fifteen dollars a week to do good, would do the same thing if he had a million. Deal with your small stewardship in such a manner that if every other man used his money as you use yours, this earth would be the home of a happy brotherhood.

IX

MY YOUNG MAN AS A CITIZEN

THE question of individual citizenship is more important in the United States than in any other country of the world. There are some countries where certain families have assumed the right and the duty of attending to all matters of government. Such traditions back them up that the people, with more or less good will, agree to that state of things, and the responsibilities of government rest almost entirely on these reigning families. There are other countries where the government is divided, as in England, between a reigning royal family, a house of lords, also hereditary, and the representatives of the people gathered in the house of commons. The government of the United States is entirely different. We have neither czar nor sultan to do all the governing for us, nor have we king or queen or house of lords to divide with us the responsibilities of the orderly conduct of human affairs within the limits of the national territory. In the memorable words of Lincoln, recast from words often spoken before, we are "a govern-

ment of the people, for the people, and by the people." If the government is bad, it is the people's fault; if the government is good, the people deserve the credit for it.

A little reflection will convince any one that in such a country as ours the individual citizen is a far more important factor than he is in the land of the sultan or the czar. If you have a good czar you may have comparatively good government in Russia, tho the people be ignorant, ill-housed, ill-fed, and utterly indifferent to the problems of government. The character of the individual citizen—if an inhabitant of Russia can be called a citizen—is of comparatively little account when contrasted with citizenship in the United States. Here it is the individual that counts, and it can never be a matter of small interest that any single citizen fails to do his duty. It is easy to conceive of a condition of things in which one man—a man unknown to fame and of the commonest character and surroundings—by failure to do his duty might change the whole administration of the United States, or through fulfilling his obligations as a citizen might work uncounted good to all the millions of his fellows. In short, when we threw overboard that cargo of tea in Boston harbor, a

good many years ago, we served notice on all the royal families of Europe that we intended to govern ourselves, and whether we like it or not, the obligation to do so is upon us. Instead of one reigning family, there are about fifteen million reigning families in the United States, without taking into consideration Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and other islands of the sea.

During the last summer, while the Spanish war was raging, and Americans abroad were thinking tenderly of home and the flag, a patriotic American woman wore at her throat a pin bearing a representation of the Stars and Stripes. She was introduced to a woman on the Continent, whose attention was attracted to the pin and its beautiful design, and she inquired of the American, "Is that the badge of some secret society to which you belong?" The American proudly tossed her pretty head as she replied, "Yes, there are seventy millions of us." And there are about that many in our reigning family, not counting the dwellers in the later isles.

I think I have made it clear as a base work for our talk that the individual citizen has no right to be indifferent to the problems of citizenship. If this is true, then it is the duty, evidently, of every young man to look well to his own educa-

tion in citizenship. A man ought to count himself ignorant and uneducated who does not have on his tongue's end a clear analysis of all the general conditions of the government under which he lives.

I remember an examination which I once witnessed in a Western town, where a purse-proud young fellow, a vigorous, live, business man, came up for examination for admission to the bar. One of the questions that was put to him was: "Do all the States have the same number of United States senators?"

He scratched his head for a minute and said, "No."

Asked to give an illustration, he replied that Rhode Island, being a little State, only had two; while Texas, being a very large State, had, he thought, ten, though he was not very sure about it.

Now, this man was a successful business man, and, on the books he had studied, passed a very good examination, and has made a successful lawyer. But on the general questions of government, and on the important problems of citizenship, he was totally ignorant.

I have been astonished in Cleveland, and in cities farther east, to notice what vague and indefinite ideas about government the average young man has. I urge upon young men, as a

most solemn duty, that they read books on political economy and on the functions of government, those comparing different forms of government, and especially those discussing questions of municipal government. Study the functions of the State legislature and State officers, the relations between the States and the Federal Government, the powers of the president and his advisers, the relation of political parties to government, the formation and history of political parties, and the history of reforms in government. An hour a day devoted to such subjects for the next year would make any young man a bright, wide-awake, well-informed citizen, capable of thinking about and discussing the public issues of the day with intelligence, and able to find his way through the mists and haze of politics to sensible decisions.

The country suffers terribly in its government because a great many of the best class of citizens, so far as reliability and character are concerned, fail to take that interest in politics, and in the conduct of the government, which they should. When good people, whose only interest in political life would be to subserve the public good, stay out of politics, the administration of public affairs naturally falls into the hands of classes of citizens who have only greedy personal ends to

serve, and who prey upon the public treasury. The government of many of our large cities has fallen into the hands of corrupt, conscienceless politicians entirely through the failure of the most intelligent and personally moral citizens of the community to give heed to their civic duties.

This deplorable condition of things is illustrated with graphic force by an old Bible parable which you may find in the book of Judges. It was related by a man named Jotham at a time when a corrupt scoundrel by the name of Abimelech had bribed the mob and come into power through the timidity of the best people of the country. Jotham, reasoning about it, said that there was a time when the trees went forth to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my grape, which cheereth God and man, and go to be pro-

moted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Is not that a fair picture of what is happening in many sections of our country to-day?

The very rich people, who may be compared to the olive, are busy making money and storing up their great fortunes, and they say, "We have not time to enter into politics and bear personally the burdens of government." And so, largely, they avoid the jury box and other like positions which lie at the very foundations of a pure government; they stay away from the primaries and caucuses of political parties, and often do not even register or cast a ballot.

The highly educated classes, the men from the colleges, and those in literature and art, may be compared to the fig-tree. They love their leisure; they love cultivated associations; they do not enjoy the press and the hubbub of the crowd. And they feel that they can not leave all these sweet things and mix in the strife of party politics, or bear the unpleasant burdens of civil gov-

ernment. So a great many of them take no more interest in the practical control of public affairs than a Chinese coolie in Canton, or a wandering bedouin of the desert.

Then there is the larger class, the great army of bread-winners, the vast middle class of producers, who may be compared to the vine. They say, "We are too busy with our crops and our machinery to worry ourselves with all the tricks and schemes of politics." And so multiplied thousands of them shirk their duty, and are a silent, unheard force in the governmental life of the country.

But there is one class that never misses a chance for political influence and power. That is the great vulture class of society—the men who sell liquor, the men who run gambling hells, the men who are interested in brothels and low dives of every sort ; contractors who get rich by plundering the public treasury through the connivance of scoundrels in office ; thugs and prize-fighters, and all the shady cellar-world of municipal life. All these may be compared to the bramble bush with its contemptible appearance and its poisonous thorns. Now, when the rich, and the cultured, and the great middle class of producers shirk politics, this other crowd comes into control.

And whenever that is the case, the people suffer and the scoundrels get fat. It is made easy for men to do wrong and hard for them to do right. The people who plunder the unwary and the weak are protected, and the Scripture is illustrated which says, "When the wicked bear rule the people mourn."

Your interest in the duties of citizenship will increase with the exercise of your talents in that direction. If a man puts himself heartily into anything, and invests a good deal in it, it is but natural for him to give a good deal more attention to the capital he has already placed.

An Irishman who was walking over a plank sidewalk while counting some money, accidentally dropped a dime, which rolled through a crack between two of the boards. He was much put out by his loss, trifling tho it was, and continued on his way, muttering his discontent. The next morning a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack through which he had lost his dime. Of course, the friend was astonished at what he saw, and desiring to learn why Pat should deliberately, to all appearances, throw away money, he inquired his reasons.

"It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday I was passin' this way, when I lost a dime down that hole. Now, I reasoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that sidewalk for a dime, but last night a scheme struck me, and I am droppin' down the dollar to make it worth me while."

Vaguely within himself Pat was feeling the working of a great principle. If you will throw your whole self with enthusiasm and devotion into your duties as a citizen, you will soon feel you have so much at stake, you have given so many hostages to good government, that it is worth your while to go on as a wide-awake, devoted member of the body politic. It will increase your manliness, broaden your horizon, and develop you into a nobler and stronger personality in every way. The country suffers for the lack of full-orbed men. Brothers, let us determine to be that kind of men. Then will the cry of the poet be answered:

" Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank,
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
Nation's welfare speeding;

Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action;

Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

“ Give us men!

Strong and stalwart ones!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!

Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men—I say again
Give us men!

“ Give us men!

Men who, when the tempest gathers
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for homes and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter);
God defend the right!
True as truth, tho lorn and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod.
Men for country—right—and God;
Give us men—I say again, again,
Give us men!”

X

MY YOUNG MAN HIMSELF

“ Toil-worn I stood and said,

‘ O Lord, my feet have bled,

My hands are sore,

I weep my efforts, vainly poor.

With fainting heart I pray of Thee,

Give some brave other, work designed for me.’

But my Lord answer made, ‘ O child of mine,

I have looked through space, and searched through
time,

There is none can do the work called thine.’

“ Soul sick I knelt and cried,

‘ Let me forever hide

My little soul

From sight of Him who made the whole,

My one small spirit in the vast,

Vast throngs of like mean myriads, present, past!’

But my Lord answer made, ‘ O child of mine,

I have looked through space, and searched through
time,

But I find no soul is like to thine.’”

Every human soul is a separate study of Almighty God. We may mar His work, or we may develop it by His help into a more splendid

creation; but on every one of us He has bestowed individual gifts that are peculiarly our own. This thought gives the color of romance to every life. I am not simply a cog in a wheel, made like a million other cogs; I am not simply a wheel in a watch, so like a million other wheels that I may not be distinguished save by my number. I am the son of God, created in His image, with a spark of His divine genius in my mind and heart.

A man is to be judged by this quality of selfhood and what he does with it. Phillips Brooks once said, "Get the pattern of your life from God, and then go about your work and be yourself." No greater mistake can be made than a failure to recognize this unique personality, different in so many ways from any other personality in the world. To grow large one must recognize this individuâliity, must trust it, must believe in it as God's gift, and dare to let it have a chance to expand. Emerson tells about a soul that was lost by mimicking a soul. And there are no doubt a large number of men who lose their chance of being great factors in the world, and of largely contributing to the progress of civilization and the development of mankind, because instead of giving their own souls a

chance to grow and enlarge, they hold themselves to simply mimicking other souls. Reverently, but conscientiously, dare to be yourself.

I suppose it is impossible for us to fully appreciate how many people are despoiled of their greatest possibilities by the loss of their individuality. It is only now and then that there is a man or a woman strong enough to resist the fetters which conventionalism would put on them. This is clearly brought out in an amusing story which is related in Mr. Spurgeon's autobiography: When Spurgeon was quite a young man, the mayor of the town where he was preaching tried to correct his youthful mistakes and eccentricities, and meeting him one day in the street, asked him if he had really told his congregation that if a thief got into heaven he would begin picking the angels' pockets.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "I told them that if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed, he would be none the better for being there; and then, by way of illustration, I said that were a thief to get in among the glorified he would remain a thief still, and would go around the place picking the angels' pockets."

"But, my dear young friend," asked the

mayor, very seriously, "don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?"

"No, sir," replied young Spurgeon, with equal gravity; "I did not know that, but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get."

The next Monday morning he walked into the mayor's place of business and said to him, "I set that matter right yesterday, sir."

"What matter?"

"Why, about the angels' pockets!"

"What did you say?" asked the city official in a tone almost of despair at what he might hear next.

"Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them; but that I had met a gentleman—the mayor of Cambridge—who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would, therefore, say that if a thief got among the angels without having his nature changed, he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!"

"Surely, you did not say that?" said the mayor.

"I did, tho," Spurgeon replied.

"Then," he exclaimed, "I will never try to set you right again!"—which was exactly what the brilliant young preacher wanted him to say.

Spurgeon's greatest power — like that of every other great forceful character — was his courage to give free play to the natural ability which had been given him.

Men often make the blunder of imagining that they can really be one kind of a man, and make the world believe that they are altogether another kind of person. But that will never work very long at a time. The thin veneering will soon be rubbed through, and the real character will show for what it is. A bad man may for a time make people believe that he is a good man; but if the personality is really bad, it will soon stamp its value on his entire self. Robert Nourse, the lecturer, says that Hyde is Doctor Jekyll with his hide off, and, tho he may masquerade as Jekyll on various occasions, he will finally come to be known for what he is, the villainous Hyde.

Dr. Henry W. Bellows used to relate how a sculptor collected a bad debt by his sharp wit. Dr. Bellows was in Powers' studio, and noticed a certain shelf in his outer room containing a few busts over which the word "Delinquents" was

chalked. This was the pillory into which Mr. Powers put those who, being able to pay, refused to settle their accounts. Mr. Powers said he caught the idea from a story related to him of a certain artist long ago who, having made a faithful bust of a sitter, found his work declined on account of its ugliness, the subject refusing to believe it was a good likeness.

"Very well," said the artist, "you deny the likeness, and refuse to take the bust, and I accept the excuse."

He accordingly set up the bust in his studio, surrounded by a small cardboard prison, gloomily painted over, on which was inscribed, "For debt." The likeness was so unmistakable that everybody in town recognized it and flocked to the artist's studio to enjoy his ingenious revenge. Soon the subject came, passionately complaining of the ridicule to which he had been subjected.

"You, sir?" said the sculptor. "Who knows this ugly bust to be yours? There is no name upon it, and you have utterly denied its resemblance. It is my work, and I have a right to do as I will with it."

"Oh! but I will pay you the price and take it away."

"But it has become so valuable to me by at-

tracting the public that I can not part with it for less than twice my original price."

"Well, I will take it at that price." And so the sculptor's debtor got himself out of prison.

If a man gives his soul over to be molded by ugly passions, to be the reveling ground of evil lusts, he may be sure that this ugly and repulsive selfhood will make itself felt and known through any cultured and polished mask that may be drawn on over it. In the long run, whether demon or angel, a man will stand for his true worth. It is the self that counts.

Nothing which affects the moral quality of his personality can be of small moment to a man. His friends, his books and papers, therefore, become of the very first importance. No man on earth can keep his real self clean and wholesome and noble, if he is choosing his friendships among people who are impure, or reading books and papers that suggest unwholesome images to his mind. Especially do I wish to lay emphasis on the importance of your reading. Benjamin Franklin declares that a little volume of "*Essays To Do Good*," by Cotton Mather, read when he was a boy, influenced the whole course of his after life; and that whatever usefulness had been developed in him as a citizen, came from that

little book. On the other hand, John Angell James said that when he was at school a boy loaned him an impure book. He only read it for a few minutes, but even during that short time poison flowed fatally into his soul and became to him a source of bitterness and anguish for all his after years. The thoughts, images, and pictures thus glanced at haunted him all through life like foul specters. It was a wise man who, three thousand years ago, questioned: "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Or can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be scorched?"

It is a wholesome thing for a young man to feel, what is undoubtedly the truth, that his future depends not on somebody to open the way for him and back him up and help him to success, but more than anything else it depends upon what he is going to be himself. Nothing can stand in the way of a man who will throw the concentrated force of a genuine man's steady perseverance and clean-hearted earnestness into the battle.

A well-to-do judge once gave his son a thousand dollars and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year. His money was all gone, and he had

contracted several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said, "Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke upon the vision of the young man. He had real mettle in him, and he gathered himself together to face the music. He again left home, worked his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, was made governor of the State of New York, then secretary of state for the United States, and became honored by all the world as William H. Seward. But it was the man himself who had to do the work.

Judge Day told a friend in Canton, Ohio, that in the White House, at the time the peace protocol between the United States and Spain was being signed, he had a very strong contrasting picture in his mind. He says that while President McKinley and M. Cambon, the French ambassador, were speaking after putting their

signatures to the historic paper, his mind went back thirty years to the time he first met President McKinley. Both had recently come to Canton, Ohio, to practise law, and were employed on opposite sides of a case that involved less than twenty dollars. It was tried before a country justice of the peace in a blacksmith-shop in an out-of-the-way part of the county, and to save expenses the opposing counsel drove there in the same vehicle. Thirty years later they stood together as the chief figures in the diplomatic negotiations that closed a war, one as president, and the other as secretary of state.

Listen to me, young man! It is not a rich father, nor a benevolent uncle, nor a kind grandmother, nor a soft berth, nor any set of circumstances that you need to coddle you into success and victory. What you need is manhood under your own hat, walking in your shoes, and throbbing under your vest. The only man that can ever harm or help you much is the man who bears your name, and looks out through your eyes when you face the mirror.

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